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NOTES AND QUERIES.

GEOGRAPHY-RHYMES. — In the Boston "Evening Transcript" some discussion of this topic has recently taken place. The following is from the issue for January 28, 1905: —

I should like to tell of some of the methods of teaching by means of singing used in a Maine country school forty-five years ago. We learned the multiplication tables by a sort of chanting, thus: —

Two times one are two,
Two times two are four,

and so on, with a rousing chorus of

Five times five are twenty-five,
Five times six are thirty,

and so forth, sung to the air of "Yankee Doodle," and following each table.

The whole school enjoyed this, and never failed to come out strong on the chorus, although often it was a forlorn hope which carried along the tables of sevens and eights!

This seems to have been a precursor of the modern kindergarten methods, except that we were learning something useful. We had another singing exercise whereby we learned our geography. I recall one verse relating to the rivers, which was sung to the tune of "Oh, Come, Come Away: " —

Oh, come, let us sing
Our country's noble rivers;
St. Lawrence gay begins the lay,
St. John's now we see;
Aroostook, Allagash, we note,
Machias and St. Croix we quote,
And then a line devote
Penobscot, to thee.

We had a small geography book containing many rhymes set to such familiar tunes as "Bonnie Doon" and "Flow gently, sweet Afton."

The countries and their capitals were also learned by a sort of chant, and the words were often amusingly twisted to fit the measure, as "Mexi'-co, the cap'ital is M'exico." The various bodies of water were served up in groups of threes, with a repeat: —

Atlantic Ocean, Pacific Ocean, Indian Ocean.

Or

Great Slave Lake, Great Bear Lake, Lake of the Woods.

Perhaps some one who reads this may recall a similar experience, and also may remember the title of that old geography song-book.

H. J. C.

VIEWS OF A MOHAWK INDIAN. — In the Toronto "Evening Telegram" (January 18, 1901) appeared the following item: —

The London (Eng.) "Daily News" publishes an interview with Brant-Sero, of the Mohawk Indian reserve, Brantford, who has been in England since his return from South Africa, where his efforts to enlist in the British army failed. In the course of the interview the talented Indian expressed interesting opinions regarding his race, and among other things said:—

"How long have your people been settled in Canada?"

"We have for over a hundred years been the faithful friends and allies of England. Our ancestors migrated from the beautiful Mohawk Valley to Ontario, where they had been granted by the British Government a tract of land 600,000 acres in extent. This has now dwindled down to 50,000, but upon this reservation we have lived contentedly, tilling our farms and making rapid progress in the arts of civilization."

"Do the Six Nation Indians still cling to their ancient customs even in the midst of civilization?"

"Yes, we are still faithful to the ways of our forefathers. Our chiefs are chosen in the same manner, and the same ritual is observed, as when we roamed over all the land which lies between Florida and Canada, two centuries before a white man set his foot upon the American continent."

"These traditions, I suppose, have been handed down from father to son?"

"No, no, from mother to daughter. In our Indian tribes the woman is of more importance than the man. They preserve the customs, and were the depositories of the traditions of the race. If a warrior died in battle, it was the women who recorded his deeds and preserved his memory. They were better educated than the men. Inheritance runs through the female line, and it is the women who, in secret council, choose the chiefs, even down to the present day."

"The Red Indians are not degenerating, I understand you to say?"

"Certainly they are not degenerating, nor are they dying out. They have made wonderful progress, especially in Canada. The last census in the United States shows that the Indians are increasing, and in Canada they are multiplying rapidly. There are about 20,000 in Ontario belonging to the Six Nations. We are beginning to wake up to the possibilities which lie before us. Our children are educated in the common schools, and many of our young men study at the colleges. In Canada we have equal opportunities, and we have availed ourselves of them. There are Indians in every profession and calling. There are some few who have qualified and practise as lawyers; there are a number of doctors, and many have gone into trade. Three or four hold government positions. The one profession which the Indian has not taken kindly to is the ministry. Nor does he like to be a shopkeeper. The old inclination to roam is still strong in our blood, and we don't like to be tied down to one place. Of course, the greatest number of our people are engaged in agriculture, and in tilling the ground. Up to two years ago Indians in the reservations had the right to a vote. Even now those who are settled outside the reservation can exercise the franchise on the same conditions as their white neighbors."

"Then an Indian is not looked down upon in Canada, in the same way as a negro in the Southern States?"

"Oh, dear, no. We are on a footing of perfect equality. In Toronto and other cities a white man will make way for us on the sidewalk, take off his hat in salutation, as if we had the same blood in our veins as he. In South Africa it was very different. There the white man seems to think he was placed in the country by Providence to boss the colored man. Why, there were men who actually refused to shake hands with me because of my Indian blood. Another thing, by the way, which struck me very much in South Africa was the dress of the women. Even right up country they would be dressed as if for the streets of London. Their evening dresses, too, were quite as showy as anything to be seen here in England."

"Do your people still speak the Indian language, Mr. Brant-Sero, or have they adopted English as the means of communication?"

"We speak both English and Indian as a rule. All know English, and in Quebec province French as well. Indeed, we speak too many languages, and none of them perfectly. The Indian, however, is a good public speaker. He is always dignified, and never fails to make an interesting and appropriate speech upon even the most trivial subject. The Canadian Indians take to politics like ducks to water. They are quite at home in the atmosphere of politics. But really there are few walks of life in which the Canadian Indian has not distinguished himself. Some of our men have made themselves names which are numbered amongst the most prominent in the Dominion."

"Who, for instance, may I ask?"

"Well, the most remarkable of modern Indians — for my pride in my ancestor, Captain Joseph Brant, will not permit me to admit a wider comparison — is Dr. Oronhyatekha. He is a doctor of medicine and a justice of the peace. He has the gift of mastery over men, and is a most remarkable man himself. He has been called the second Sir John Macdonald of Canada. Sir Henry Acland was his foster father. He met Dr. Oronhyatekha as a boy when the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860. Both the Prince and Sir Henry were so much struck with the youth that Sir Henry took him back to England, where he was educated, and took his degree at Oxford. Dr. Oronhyatekha is proud of his race. He still speaks Indian to his intimate acquaintances, and has a large home in the reserve of the Six Nations."

"Then you are hopeful as to your race's future?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Brant-Sero earnestly, "I am sure my people have a very bright future before them. Our ancestors spilt their blood to help to build up the Empire in the New World. They preferred British rule, and so transferred the whole of the government of the Six Nations to Canadian territory. There during a century we have lived and prospered, and Canada, I believe, is proud of the progress we have made."

FR. HUNT-CORTES, THE "WHITE INDIAN." — In the Boston "**Herald**" (Sunday, January 29, 1905) was published the following account of a very interesting cleric and scholar by F. R. Guernsey: —